

THE KNOXVILLE CHRONICLE,  
RULE & TARWATER.

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE: BROWNLOW'S OLD STAND,  
Entrance on GAY STREET, East Side,  
Between Main and Hill streets.

## THE NEGRO IN THE SOUTH.

Correspondence of the Historian of "The  
Lost Cause" and a Kentucky Negro.

The following letter, addressed to E. A. Pollard, is so interesting that we publish it entire, and ask for it a careful reading from our colored friends:

"LOUISVILLE, KY., March 24, 1870.  
"Edward A. Pollard, Esq.:  
"DEAR SIR: The only apology I make for seeming so bold in writing to you, an entire stranger, is that I am a colored man. I have read your article—'The Negro in the South'—in the April number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, and I stretch my hand along the distance, grasping yours in friendly honesty, and pray God that more like you—men of decided ability—will take the same broad and enlightened views. I subscribe to all you say, in the main, but must put in an objection to one idea you advance—i. e., that colored men would advance their interests by taking up the good men of the South and placing them in positions filled by 'carpet-baggers,' as you term them.

"Now, the great difficulty with us is that we can not find white men of the class you mention. How many Wade Hampsons, General Longstreets, and Edward A. Pollards are in the South? Are we not forced to identify ourselves with the 'Radical' party, the only party as such that has given us anything? I admit that the Republican party has in some cases been hasty, in others seemingly harsh upon the people of the South, yet the antagonism that has been shown the colored man by the unthinking masses has compelled him, no matter how much his better judgment may have repudiated all harshness, to acquiesce under the circumstances. I know that the thinking portion of the colored people are opposed to anything that is calculated to breed animosity. They desire to be on friendly terms with the whites, knowing that the interests of each are identical; that 'what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander,' to use a homely expression; that what benefits the white man benefits the colored man also; and what is an injury to the one is an injury likewise to the other.

"Men of your style of thought can not hope for colored men to identify themselves with a party that has for its champions such men as Brick Pomotey, 'Fernandy' Wood, Vallandigham, Seymour, Hoffman, and 'fiddling Bill' Mungen in the North, and Ryland (?) Randolph, Jesse D. Bright, and the Ku Klux Klans in the South. You could not, would not, think that we had any manhood in us, but that, spaniel-like, we would lick the hand that smote us. Here in my native city we have petitioned, time after time, that 'the powers that be' would open one or more schools for the benefit of our children, (they tax us 'for school purposes,') but they will not even answer us—we have knocked at the door, but it will not open unto us. When clothed in the garb of full-blown citizens, can we vote for those who will not even listen to our prayer? Will we not rather put that man in office who, though 'an adventurer,' still is willing that justice shall be done unto us?

"In the very nature of things the Republican party, like all other parties, must grow old and die, or die prematurely; (the Democratic party is 'not only dead, but it stinketh.')

"To keep it alive it must have good men and true at the head. And like other parties, in the course of time, it will become more and more corrupt; but, so long as it remains the party of 'progress,' the colored man will be found in its ranks, and your good judgment approves his choice, though you have not got that far along yet, sir.

"The Democratic party being dead, a new party can be built upon its ruins, a party of liberal views, broad principles—that will embrace in its ranks all lovers of their country—who know no North, no South, no East, no West; but you can not do it with such men as Seymour, nor Pendleton, nor Hendricks, nor any man of the past. You must have new men for leaders. The old fogies are still mourning at the shrine, where the ebony god stood. They are behind the age. Like Rip Van Winkle, they have been slumbering while the world was tearing on. The 'Chase movement' came very high the mark, and with such men as yourself and Hampton to lead in the South, a great National party can be built up. We dare not trust the 'Conservatives,' because they betrayed us in Tennessee and other places; the 'Democrats'—the simon-pure, hammer-headed class don't want us, and God knows we will none of them—then what must we do? Can we be other than 'Radicals'? You can bring out men, but they must be of new birth as yourself, who can and will have the support of the colored man, for I do not believe that there is a being in the country more sincere in desire to see the people—the whole people—happy and prosperous than the colored man. We are intensely 'American' in hopes and aspirations; the greed for office afflicts but few, for we know that we lack in all that's necessary to fill with credit public places.

"All we want is fair play and no gouging. You seem disposed to concede it. With your powerful pen you can mold minds to your thinking, for but few men think for themselves; it is much easier to have others do it for them.

"Apologizing for trespassing so long on your time, expressing my views not clearly at best, my excuse is that as one of the 'down-trodden,' obscure though I be, in no sense a leader, I desire to thank you for the manly article in relation to 'The Negro in the South,' for I believe that it will bring us a host of warm-hearted friends. Very respectfully,

"HORACE MORRIS."

Mr. Pollard accompanies the above letter

with one which we are sorry we have not the room to give entire. It is full of suggestions worthy the consideration of Southern men. He says that he does not wonder that the colored people distrust their so-called friends in the South; because whenever such pretended friends have had the opportunity, they have shown a spirit of resentment not calculated to win the colored votes. He says, too, that the independence and resolution shown by the colored people in the fearless free exercise of the right of suffrage entitles them to the greatest praise. When they were slaves, he says, they obediently followed their masters, and did whatever they were ordered. Their enfranchisement was followed by the boasts of the Democracy that their old masters would vote them as they pleased. But, says Mr. Pollard, we all know that their masters did not vote them; on the contrary, they have voted against their masters in the very face of threats. This independence and manliness, says Mr. Pollard, shows that they are well qualified to exercise their suffrage. In view of all such facts, he says, "I intend to stand by the negro in the South, and before Southern men, and that despite the weapons of the Ku Klux Klans, or the more cowardly slings of libel and abuse."

We endorse all that Mr. Pollard says about the independent and fearless manner with which our colored people have exercised their franchise, and this, too, in the face of open bribes and corruption. Some few of the pretended leaders of the colored people of this county once sold themselves to a few corrupt Democratic leaders, but the Democrats found to their sore disappointment that they had brought only a few unprincipled men, and not the entire colored vote.

## Letter from Senator Brownlow.

U. S. SENATE CHAMBER,  
Washington, April 11, 1870.

WM. RULE, Esq.:—I have received the first number of your new paper, the KNOXVILLE CHRONICLE, and I have examined it with care. It is quite a readable weekly, and I would like to see it in every Republican family in the State. The type and paper are good, the selections are judicious, and the mechanical part of it well executed. Enclosed I send you the names of three subscribers, and I will hand you the money when I see you.

Having now spoken of the good qualities of your newspaper, I must say a word of its bad qualities. It is too mild in its tone, and altogether too conciliatory, considering the party with which you have to deal, and how violent and hostile towards the loyal people that party is. We have Gov. Senter with us, and as I am told, he has been before the Reconstruction Committee of the House. His testimony is said to have been strong against the Ku Klux party, and altogether satisfactory to the Republicans. I expect the Committee of the House to report a bill looking to the reconstruction of Tennessee. We propose to wipe out the Legislature, and the late Convention, and order an election of a new Legislature under the old law, and with a new registration, leaving the Executive and Judiciary undisturbed. The bill will meet with opposition in the House from the Democracy and the tender-footed Republicans, but will, nevertheless, pass. In the Senate, we will have less trouble, as we are divided, politically, sixty Republicans to ten Democrats. They will, of course, go on to elect Judges in Tennessee. What Gov. Senter will feel it his duty to do, I am unable to say, but if I were Governor, I would refuse to commission their Judges and other officers. That party have made a great noise over the increase of the State debt by the issuance of bonds to pay the five years interest they had repudiated by the rebellion, and bonds issued under my administration to put our railroads in order. They call it the Brownlow despotism, extravagance and swindling. They promised to wipe out Radicalism, and renew an era of prosperity. What have they done? Are they building up the towns and waste places? Is real estate and rents advancing or falling off? Let the mechanics and day laborers of Knoxville answer the question. The fifth month of the present session is passing off rapidly, and I am pleased to be able to inform you that I am the only man in the Senate who has never been absent a day. I make no speeches, but the eyes and noses show me to be always right, voting for extreme Radical measures. If I had not lost my voice, it is likely I would be talking too, though we have quite too much talking in both Houses.

The death of General Thomas has cast quite a gloom over the whole country. The country seems now to appreciate him. Why not? I hold that he was the greatest man of the war, and the only General of whom it can be in truth said he never lost a battle nor made a mistake. I have extended this letter beyond what I had intended, and therefore, hasten to a close.

W. G. BROWNLOW.

## Temperance Address.

CLINTON, TENN., April 12th, 1870.

Editors Knoxville Chronicle:

The following address was delivered by William F. Dowell, before the 'Lights of Temperance,' recently, at this place. The Society unanimously requested Mr. Dowell to furnish a copy of the address for publication. In obedience to the request, and in behalf of the Society, I respectfully request that you insert the address in your paper.

KATE E. ANDERSON,  
Secretary.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Having been selected to address you to-night upon the subject of temperance—although young, unused to public speaking, and lacking, as I must confess, all the elements of oratory—I shall, in bowing as gracefully as possible to the power vested by our suffrages in our President, in the constitutional exercise of which I have been selected as one of the orators of the night, attempt to contribute my mite towards the success of this God-given principle—this "temperance reform"—in which I have with you embarked, and in the ultimate success of which the entire sympathies of my nature are enlisted.

By way of preliminary, permit me to remark that I cannot expect to interest you to-night as you were interested by the able address of the distinguished speaker who addressed you at our last meeting. I cannot expect to soar to that dizzy height where often even the tongue of eloquence falters and the brain of genius reels; but in presenting this subject, it shall be my aim to state and illustrate such facts and principles as shall induce every man, woman and child, capable of contemplating truth and appreciating motive, to exert their influence in favor of this "temperance reform."

The gigantic evils incident to and inseparable from the use of ardent spirits in any form, in any disguise, moderate or habitual, cannot be conceived by the mind of genius or depicted by the tongue of eloquence. They mock, defy discussion. The workings of the most giant, massive brain that ever existed would long be consigned to the inactivity of oblivion, and the boasted tongue of eloquence be palsied with the ice of death—hushed in the silence of the tomb—before the one could faintly conceive, or the other adequately depict, the horrors of the reign of this Moloch of damnation—intemperance. Not even the inimitable eloquence and natural powers of description of a John B. Gough, (who having himself been rescued from the horrors of a drunkard's grave, from the drunkard's awful fate and deepest degradation), is adequate to the task of describing the horrors of "delirium tremens"—the lamentable fate of the ruined, miserable drunkard.

That man, endowed with reason, possessing an immortal mind, should degrade himself in such a manner, and by such means, sink himself to such depths of degradation and infamy—to a level with the brute, (aye, infinitely lower,) where the traits of the man are scarcely recognizable, stifle all the noble aspirations of his nature, and reel through that combination of horrors, "delirium tremens," into a drunkard's hell—is something that perhaps the logic of a Bacon could explain, but I, at least, am unable to solve the mystery. But, incomprehensible as it is, it cannot be disputed that such is the lamentable fact, and he who would attempt to refute that which is as plain as the noon-day sun, would exhibit folly equal to that once displayed by the celebrated Dr. Sam Johnson, who persistently arguing with Lorenzo Dow that everything was the result of imagination, and argument having utterly failed to convince him of the absurdity of his position, the eccentric Dow resorted to an unanswerable specimen of practical logic. By making the Doctor the unwilling recipient of a *burned skin* he compelled him to confess that *heat*, at least, is a reality, and not entirely imaginary.

Among the first reasons we wish to present why the use of alcoholic liquors should be dispensed with is, their immense, enormous cost to the consumers.

It is ascertained from data as unerring as Custom House books, and even from the declarations of manufacturers of ardent spirits, that 60,000,000 gallons of liquid poison are annually consumed by the citizens of the United States. The people of the United States, according to Commissioner Wells, swallowed by retail in a single year \$1,573,491,865 worth of ardent spirits. This is the direct cost of a single year, in which poverty has been general throughout the country. Indirectly the cost has been immeasurably greater. It is summed up in blighted hopes, saddened homes, ruined fortunes, broken hearts, crime, debauchery, degradation, dishonor and death. Every prison in the land cries out against this giant evil; every poor house is filled with its victims; every insane asylum has its raving maniacs; every gallows "its tale of ruin tells." Yes, so it is; and now we are officially informed that our country, boasting its civilization and intelligence, drinks \$1,573,491,865 worth of this poison in a single year. Think of that! \$1,573,491,865 annually expended in a Christian land, by a Christian people, and great God! for *such* a purpose—for that liquid "whose touch is poison, and whose sting is death!"

We are free! We are Christians! We are civilized!!! This is freedom—freedom to compass our ruin in the shortest time and by infallible agencies. This is civilization with a vengeance. In the name of common sense, is this Christianity? We pay tribute to no nation. We bow to no emperor. We obey the mandates of no dictator. Our stars and stripes "float triumphantly from ocean to ocean." Yet we foster, nurture, and encourage within our own bosom a greater enemy than either; and with all our boasted "freedom," we are, as a nation, in more abject slavery to the tyranny of King Alcohol than we are in danger of becoming to any earthly power. May our flag, respected by all, no longer be lowered to King Alcohol! I would ask you, how many slaves do you

imagine now, in the light of the 19th century, tread the American soil? We ask not of slaves to man, but to intemperance, in comparison to whose bondage the yoke of the tyrant is freedom. The number is over 480,000. But this is not all. The mere cost of this article, though enormous, hardly makes an item in the aggregate of the pernicious consequences resultant from the use of ardent spirits. The use of ardent spirits is an annual tax of many millions upon our people. At least three-fourths of all the crimes in the land proceed from the maddening power of ardent spirits. Go and examine the records of our courts, examine minutely in the circumstances connected with the commission of crimes for which men are held to answer at the bar of public justice, and you cannot but echo the universal verdict of candor and experience. Place a man under the influence of this demon, and he is bad enough for anything. He can plunge the dagger to the heart of his nearest friend. It was in drunken revel that Alexander slew his best friend, Clytus, and it was when beastly drunk that he proclaimed himself a god and died.

The records of our courts tell us of acts committed while under its influence that would make the brigands of Italy shudder and the strongest nerve shake. Husbands murder their wives, children butcher their parents. By far the greater part of the atrocities of our land proceed from its maddening power. Then think of genius wrecked—men of the highest order of talents swept into the frightful vortex. "Whisky" sends some of the brightest intellects of our country to the madhouse, raving maniacs, or permits them to wander about our streets, miserable wrecks, hooted at by boys for their silly speeches. Some of the brightest intellects this country ever produced have sunk, to rise no more, under its blighting influence, while the mediocre, who thought too much of himself to throw himself away, has built a name, won a reputation, or amassed a fortune, which hundreds of unsuccessful men might have done had they but cared for the powers given them. Think, for instance, of Joshua R. Giddings, a man of the highest order of talent, who died the death of the refined drunkard—died as genius misused generally dies, as the papers told us of "apoplexy," but really of "whisky."

More could be said—more has been said by gentlemen who have preceded me, much more than I am capable of saying—to show up the appalling effects of the use of ardent spirits. But the facts are before the people. The citizens of this town cannot but know its terrible evils when momentarily surrounded by the blighting effects of six *grog shops*; but we must sound the alarm, arouse our citizens to action, until they shall rise *en masse* and espouse the cause for which we are organized.

Having briefly enumerated the evils of intemperance, the question arises, "What is the remedy?" I would reply, "Entire abstinence." The principle which underlies this and all other temperance organizations—"total abstinence"—is the only hope of the drunkard. With it he is safe, without it in peril. What a discovery is this principle of "entire abstinence." Let the name of its author be embalmed with those of Luther, Howard, Raikes, and Wilberforce. But outsiders say, "What! drink none at all? Certainly its moderate use will harm no one." My reply would be, "Yes, drink none at all." Our reply is, "Men with prospects as fair as yours have found themselves, ere they were aware, in the coil of the serpent 'whose touch is poison and whose sting is death.'" One gallon of ardent spirits for the use of the citizens of Clinton is just four quarts too much. But we may expect opposition. Every great principle has its opponents. Luther had opposition, but he cried "forward," went ahead, and effected a reformation, in connection with the history of which his name will be handed down to "the last syllable of recorded time."

Howard was sneered at, but he plunged into the dungeons and prison pens and relieved suffering humanity, and he is now pointed to as the greatest philanthropist the world has ever produced. And though dead, he still lives, and his memory is green in the hearts of all good men. But what matters it that the bar-room bully, the guardian of the grog shop, the man who will for a paltry pecuniary consideration deal out to his fellow-man the liquid poison which contains the elements of ruin and degradation, points to us with curling lip and says "that we entered this organization because we could not pay our whisky bills?" We may, of course, expect their opposition. The principles of this organization are directly opposed to their interests, and we may expect their opposition. But one source of opposition I, at least, did not expect: the opposition of a few (thank God not many,) professors of religion—men clothed in white, who set themselves up to us "reformed drunkards" as men of piety. What a burlesque on Christianity. But let even their opposition burst upon us in all its fury. We will probably outride the storm; but if we do sink, we will go down "with flying colors." It may do them good to know that they have planted themselves in direct antagonism to the teachings of that book whose mandates they profess to follow. It may be a source of comfort to them to know that by their opposition to the God-given principle of temperance, they have planted themselves in direct antagonism to the teachings of him who unmistakably says, "Wine is a mocker," and that they have arrayed themselves against every principle of that Christianity of which they profess to be "shining lights;" but of one thing I am convinced: we will succeed in effecting a grand temperance reformation in spite of combined opposition. Let us do our duty—our whole duty, extending the hand of brotherly love to all, in order that we may reform them, but meeting the sneers of persistent opposers with that most forcible of all arguments—silent, unuttered contempt.

In conclusion, permit me to say that I hope every member of the "Lights of Temperance" will raise their voices and

their hearts in this sacred cause, and never hold their peace, never stay their exertions, never cease their prayers, until intemperance shall forever be banished not only from our own little town and county, but from our land, and finally from the world.

## THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

A Day of Rejoicing in Cincinnati.

The colored people of the city of Cincinnati celebrated the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment on last Thursday in an appropriate manner. From the *Commercial* we extract the following particulars of its detailed and interesting account of the day's jubilee:

As early as 8 o'clock, the colored people had left their houses and went pouring towards the Sixth street Market space, with the Clifton House for a rallying point. At 9 o'clock the Committee of Management and Marshals of the day appeared at the Clifton and proceeded to distribute badges and arrange for the procession.

Delegations from Walnut Hills, from Avondale, from Clifton, from Lockland, from Cumminsville and from Covington and Newport, Kentucky, arrived in carriages and wagons, on horseback and afoot.

THE PROCESSION.  
The out-door feature of the jubilee was managed by Isaac N. Delaney, First Grand Marshal, and five assistants.

The procession formed on Elm street, with carriages containing the orators of the day and the colored pioneers, David Smith, Stephen Irvin, Elliott Clark, Maria Casey, Samuel Wilson, William Darns, Oscar Gaines, and others, in front. Then followed eight and four-horse carriages, filled with young girls, representing the Goddess of Liberty presiding over the States of the Union, private vehicles filled with richly dressed, wealthy colored people, a company of United States colored volunteers, under Capt. Liverpool, and the following benevolent societies:

The United Brethren, one hundred and fifty strong; the Good Samaritans, two hundred strong; the Good Templars, two hundred strong. The procession was also swelled in number by the colored Americans and the Masons, who did not, however, appear as a body.

The notable features were banners and mottoes, prepared for the occasion. Portraits of Abraham Lincoln and President Grant were conspicuously displayed. The mottoes were specially worthy of note as expressing the gratitude, political proclivity and feelings of the enfranchised host, and while Currier's and Walters' cornet bands headed the Cincinnati division, and the Newport Barracks band headed the Kentucky delegation, fill the joyous air with inspiring music, we will glance at the moving panorama as it passes along the street, viewed from both sides by window and doors full of sympathetic people.

## THE MOTTOES.

"Peace, Prosperity, and Good Will to all Mankind," with a picture of Lincoln writing the Proclamation of Emancipation, and a picture representing a colored man depositing his vote in a ballot-box, in contrast with a colored man tied to a post, while an overseer applies the lash, to represent 1860.

Avondale is represented by a wagon with the motto "Trust in God" while a little school-boy stands under a canopy with his hand resting upon the pages of an open bible. "In God We Trust." "Labor and Liberty." The Colored Orphan Asylum occupies a wagon and carries a mammoth American flag.

"In the War for the Union 200,000 strong."

"John C. Calhoun builded better than he knew."

"In time to serve the Bible."

"Circleville don't like the Fifteenth Amendment." Picture of a stubborn ass, and a bull attempting to butt a locomotive.

"The Declaration of Independence used to be called a glittering generality. It is now an accomplished fact."

"The American Eagle no longer a buzzard."

The Kentucky delegation, mainly from Covington and Newport, displayed a motto promising the Southern Railroad 40,000 votes in the affirmative.

A wagon bore a pyramid, on the sides of which were inscribed the names of the old time distinguished abolitionists, and the later prominent friends of universal suffrage.

Also the names of battlefields in which colored troops distinguished themselves.

"Honor to Grant and the people, and the Fifteenth Amendment."

"Truth and Justice have at last prevailed."

"We Praise the Lord, we Thank our Friends."

"Red, White and Blue—no distinction of color."

"Emancipation 1863, Suffrage 1870."

"Fremont 1861, Hunter 1862, Lincoln 1863."

"Grant our next choice."

Speeches were made by Judges Storer, Taft and others, which we are sorry we have not room to publish.

The Princess Salm-Salm promenades every day with her baby under the Linden, in Berlin. The family of her husband has thus far refused to hold any intercourse with her.

Napoleon the Third says he is a believer in homeopathy; but whenever he is taken sick, he sends for his allopathic court physician.

Some South-German papers mention a rumor that General Sigel will shortly return to his native country and remain there.

Victor Hugo derives every year yet a copy-right of nearly fifty thousand francs from the sale of his old novels in France.

The handsomest young Boyar in St. Petersburg bears the euphonious name of Count Kratisnayashajewsky.